

A Second

E L E G Y

On that Incomparable *H E R O E*,

T H O M A S Earl of **O S S O R Y**:

Who died on *Fryday* the 30th of *July* 1680.

HE's dead 'tis true...I question it no more;
Nay rather fear'd than doubted it before:
But Grief for *OSSORY* is ne'r too late,
Since future Ages will bewail his Fate.
Even this late Sorrow, which my Muse puts on,
Had been less true, had it appear'd more soon;
For nimble sorrow quickly change their show,
The long-liv'd Grief is in its Birth most slow.
When first I heard Great *OSSORY'S* dismal Knel,
A stupid horror straight upon me fell,
Nor did so much as leave for Tears a Vent.
Like *Niobe*, I seem'd to be in one,
Both Mourner then and Monumental *Stone*.
Nor certainly, had I that Swoon surviv'd;
But must have dy'd, had not my sorrows liv'd.
Yet 'twas no weakness: *Charles* himself, we hear,
Withdrew, and shed for *Ossory* a tear. (hold,
What Heart more great? Yet ev'n that could not
When to his Eares so sad a Theam was told.
Were any Heart in all his Kingdoms sound,
Which the sad News with sorrow did not wound?
A Traitors Death he justly might receive,
That with his King and Country would not grieve.
When on the Sickly Bed Great *OSSORY* lay,
And Fear had not quite took all hope away;
How eagerly the pious people strove,
To shew a fear, which shew'd so much of Love.
Liv's he said they---when, yes, the Doctor se'd,
How many Blessings show'd they on his Head.
He lives---the Echo o'r all *England* flew;
Ev'n fierce *Morocco's* King did fear 'twas true.
As on cold *Oeta's* Top, the Son of *Jove*!
With double Heat of Fire and Poyson strove;
And all the World stood trembling for his sake:
Only *Eurystheus* hop'd the rest would take:
Such pains our *Hero* did that time endure,
Tormented with a direful *Calenture*.
While three great Nations trembled for his Head;
Only the barbarous *Moor* could with him dead.

Thy loss brave *OSSORY*, *Tangiere* deplores,
Worse at thy Death dismay'd, than at the *Moors*.
The English Gallants there dejected stand.
Wanting to their stout Hearts, thy Valliant *Hand*.
Irelawny's Ghost walk'd sadly by the *Mole*,
And Shriek'd instead of Thee, to meet thy Soul:
He hop'd t'have been Reveng'd by thy sharp Blade
And thou, as Pale as He, dost walk---a Shade.
The *English-Church*, that had no better Friend,
(Next *Heav'n* & *Charles*, who doth her Faith defend)
Since *Fates*, thus accessory to the Plot.
He whose Ambition all o'r world Alarms,
Looks now for more success unto his Arms,
Since Thou, who didst at *Mons* such acts of Praise,
Hast yielded now to Death the Victor's Bays.
Thy Sire, great *Ormond*, in thy Life more great,
(Because by thee preserv'd, from Envy's hate)
Like some vast Oak now rob'd of's leaves doth stand
By's Trophies scarce secur'd from Woodman's hand
Yet He (though Envy burst) is still secure,
Not in's own Worth so much, nor Vertues pure,
(Tho they the strictest Test may well endure;)
No nor in *Charles* his great Affection;
But only, 'cause he had so great a Son.
Why were the Heavens to *England* so severe,
As not to let thee Flourish longer here?
As thus to cut Thee off in thy full prime,
And give Thee so much Good for so short time?
Only to show thy Worth in Field and Court,
and then to snatch Thee hence, as if in sport?
Had we not known Thee, we had been content;
But who could know---and not thy loss lament!
Yet since thy Death was fix'd by rigid Fate,
And to desire thy Self is now too late;
Thanks mighty *Hector* of our second *Troy*,
Thanks for *Astyanax*, thy hopeful Boy,
Young *James*, who influenc'd with *Charles* his Care,
May shortly prove in *Valour* too thine *Heir*,